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VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1527.

Choice Poetry.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D

"Follow your leader!" So said Hope,
In the joyous days when I was young,
Ere sunshine pale, up mountain slope,
Through fragrant woods, I followed and sang
And saw in the sunny air she smiled,
Beside in the cheeks of Psyche fled,
And eyes my song with a glance she wiled,
And "urged all merth with the lure of mirth
Long the led me o'er hill and hollow,
Through briery brake, o'er mountain and dale,
Till she seemed at last too high to follow,
And I urged her pioneer in the vain
"Follow your leader!" So said Love,
In a duty sporting in his gay e
I followed to the challenging glove
Of many a maze with toil hath risen
I followed, and dreamed of young Religion,
Of passionless knees, joyous pace,
Smooth words in simplicity spoken,
And conscious love deign to sit on mine
But all fled with the breezy mischief
There came a darkness as I climbed the air,
The passion cooled, the sweetness thickened,
I lost the glory of my day.

"Follow your leader!" So said Fame,
In her radiant car of golden flame
Over briery path, through mud, through shame,
Fly swiftest, and swiftest I pursued,
Even she led me, and even I went,
With bleeding feet and many a wounded vein,
Into anger and ascendancy,
An long as life and air to me
Her fraud lies appear around the gate me
And, as through her mazes I wander wild,
And, as through her long road the waste me,
I may not see nor stop again.

"Follow your conscience!" So said Duty,
Use the lessons of my tender love prone to thee,
Sweet nurse of infancy, and stay
Just and holier than the way
Thy childish heart would lead thee on;
Be thine to walk in the light of truth
Follow your leader!" exclaimed the sages,
Who, in the olden time, taught the schools
I listened, and followed, till age came sweeping,
And whistled in the air as a winter wind
And I answered in hopeless weeping
"O youth's counsel, and age's wisdom blind!

"Follow your leader!" I hear a voice
Whispering to my weak life forever—
Whether my right hand or my left it be,
Nor know the pershing hand of Power
Whether it lead me to joy or woe,
A blessing given that earthly Love,
Whether it lead me to life or death,
To follow my light and look above."
I'll aim to obey, but subject I must,
My mortal eyes are lamentably weak,
And my natural hand will shake with fear
Passing first danger and the last."

It is the moral of my poem, come back again.
Whether it lead through fire or water,
Or through the tempest or the calm,
Follow your leader, and reach the port
Before the storm or the bark is lost.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DISCARDED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

(Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JOURNAL.

I am disgraced, superseded and ruined here. I retired to the tent with empty unsoaked spirits. I have written in my journal to-night, and shall write in it every night hereafter.—*Washington.*

True to his promise at his friend, Squire Darnell had sent his carriage over for Mrs. Hinton early the next morning; and as Mrs. Summerfield, pre-occupied and indisposed, declined to go, to invite Mrs Hinton to passing her stay at Rockstone, and upon her an alternative but to return to her native home. As she was about to enter the carriage, a servant of Colonel Dangerfield's rode up and a note in her hands. She opened it hastily and read:

SQUIRE'S KNOLL, Monday, April 1st.

MY DEAR MRS. HINTON:—I have been thrown into my carriage and have been laid to bed—with a spasmodic rheumatism—before I could tell you personally how harrying the pressure of seeing my self and my family off to the Springs, and how much I regret the disappointment to those of which you had made me the engagement. I am so exceedingly unwell, that I am almost unable to ask my horse, incorrect girl, to come and pay you a visit; and I could certainly visit Rockstone as before if she does, as circumstances now stand.

Yours, hoping to see you soon,
R. L. DANGERFIELD.

Miss Hinton put this in her pocket, and the carriage rolled on towards that tower. Arrived at the fork in the road where the road branched off to the widow's Rest," Miss Hinton called to the driver,

"Uncle Kill! Uncle Kill!"

"Miss?"

"Turn down to the left: I have a letter to take from Red-Stone Hall to the "widow's Rest?"

"Eh! what! you! certainly, Miss! what was it you said?"

Miss Hinton repeated her order.

"Can't do it, Miss."

"What! can't you, sir, disobey my order? Turn instantly to the left!"

"Sorry I can't obligate you, Miss; but I tell you it is more than my life's worth to disobey Miss Rose very perceptible."

"Miss Rose? Is you insolent fellow?" said Miss, burning with rage, "turn immediately where I tell you, or you shall meet with severe punishment!"

"That may be a doubtingcary, Miss Inns, if I don't whoever, if I don't turn not with you, it'll be an absolutive certainty!" and so saying, the old negro put whip to his horses and drove furiously towards that throne.

Arrived there, Miss Hinton went into the drawing-room, and sent for Squire Darnell. Squire Darling was having a conversation with and Kill, but he thought he had better go in person to order to send her a respectful letter. So he went to the house and sent a message to Miss Hinton, if he could have come up himself, he desired himself, and detained and alarmed poor old Kill, by hurrying into a fit of violent fury upon him, demanding to know why he did not mind Miss Hinton? His own command were to be obeyed, it was true, always, except when Miss Hinton's wishes interfered! He (old Kill) knew that! He ought to have his hard head broken! It should be done the next time such a thing occurred! Now we all know that bad poor old Kill committed the mistake of taking Miss to the Soldier's Rest, he would have virtually signed his own passport to the cotton fields of Mississippi. And in fact the old man still suspected so much himself: however, with a dogmatical "reverence" to explain, that he was very sorry to have mistaken his master's wishes; that it was not yet too late to remedy the error; that the horses were still quite fresh; finally that he could turn down Miss Hinton where she wished to go.

"It was! It is the-re time! Miss Hinton is also very much fatigued! I shall not permit her to go over all that ground again! Repeat!"

It was at this moment that the message came to be arrived, calling him into the drawing-room. He went in, getting a verbal rebuked upon himself, welcomed her home, and desired to be informed of her particular pleasure and purpose in coming for him.

"Colonel Dangerfield is indisposed at the "Garden's Rest." I am the bearer of a letter from Red-Stone Hall to him. I wished to take it there at once, but your servant refused me to drive me thither. Now I wish you to give orders that I may go."

"No! for the world, my dear Miss Hinton! you are mad! A young lady and an accomplished one, to go to Colonel Dangerfield's at night! never! I will take the letter myself. Where is it?"

"Excuse me, sir, I must only deliver this letter with my own hand."

"Ah! who is it from, Miss? My sister? Imagine?"

"Squire Darling, it seems to me that you are over-questioning me?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the squire, "No, my dear Miss! but in a word, I cannot send you to the "Soldier's Rest" to-day upon any consideration whatever! Let the Red-Stone Hall folks find their own messengers. Anything else, Miss Hinton, that I can do for your pleasure or not that! not that, my dear Cecilia! It is too much to ask of a man! What, the d—l are you so deeply compromised at not seeing him at Chapel all day yesterday, that you must go and make him a visit to-day?"

Whether Miss Hinton's guardian deems decency of the Sabbath day, or not, Miss Hinton certain it is, however, very soon she cautiously emerged from the chamber, and creeping stealthily down stairs, sallied a house with her own hands, and set out on the road to the residence of a lady, figure as horse back perseveringly digging her course.

The same luminous chamber, the same landscape once greeted us at our little village. The only difference being that Colonel Dangerfield, in a sporting costume, was pacing the room, and Squire Darling, crowned with gold colored satin, with his wounded foot resting upon a cushion.

"By Jove, Darling, I am sorry, but I know you would counsel but why then not come in the usual time and with more ease?"

"Am explained, with laboured embellishments, the circumstances to you."

"My dear friend to what a tyranny you are subjected. But take courage, think! As soon as you are able to walk, you swing Squire Darling the respect due him as your guardian, little it will be able to come over to me—to-morrow, if you please, informing him of our departure at the same time. If he treat, my dear love, that it will not be able to come over to-morrow."

Kin excited all her powers of fascination that evening, and with unintended success, never was a colonel man more thoroughly bewitched. A clerical man more completely bewitched than was Colonel Dangerfield when Miss left him that night. Louis where he would, or shut his eyes to sleep, he could see only the fair face and form, ing upon in crimson satin, whose eyes were beaming looks, whose fingers were now soft caresses, caught and entangled him.

In the meantime the little stately personal her own home, where a warm welcome was awaiting her, of which by the way she was quite unconscious.

Squire Darling jested up and down the long hall of his lodging, musing the luxurious time he will personated his mounting a horse. Now he walked to the front of the growing darkness, now he walked to the window and looked out upon the road, now he paced the hall impatiently, as if the whole house remembered, and the whole place ordered, bringing in a servant, to ask him why he was not gone?

"No, sir."

"Why, then, he is very slow! Do run he on the watch for him, sir, and as soon as he comes, you take charge of his horse yourself, and send him without the loss of a moment's time to me."

"Yes, sir; anything else, master?"

"No, sir."

And he was withdrawn.

Sailor snatch the letter! what keeps him so long? Perhaps he has gone to the stables to see to his horse himself! Ah! I am not accustomed to be not returned yet."

He seated the bell rope and gave it another violent pull, and then paced the room impatiently as before.

"Where is Miss Hinton? Not there on the chimney piece! Now then—you kept a watch over your young lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"You followed her at a respectful distance, of course, and saw her safely in the house? Now then—you kept a watch over her?"

"Yes, master—no, master—I means she never knowed nothin' 'bout my bein' on her track?"

"Be careful of your phraseology, sir! Go for proof! Do *Miss Hinton's* track—what insolence is this?"

"I beg your and Miss Hinton's pardon, sir; I has been a-watchin' and a-waitin' for you, and I had a faithful servint behind her a keepin' of a watch over her for to keep off gals."

"Ah! I understand! Miss Hinton is to be in you at all to give a consecutive narrative, do it."

"Sir?"

"If you can tell a straight story, confound you! tell it. Where and when did you first see Miss Hinton after she left the parlor?"

"Yes, sir! at the tol one, sir!"

"Ah! what then?"

"At half-past eight o'clock, sir."

"Ah! then you saw those dangerous acquaintance of hers, between his teeth, that was the hour she took leave of me for the night and sent down the carpetted stairs. He jumped the space with a sudden impulse, and going to the door, rang out,

"You, sir! pick yourself up and return here immediately!"

"Yes, sir!" and the old man, making his appearance.

"Look you here, sir! I was only trying you. Miss Hinton on that expedition. A secret and confidential treaty with Colonel Dangerfield, which, as he is laid up in lavender with his sprain, and I am on the sick with my remaining lameness—Miss Hinton as the person most in the confidence of him had to entrust?"

"Yes, sir, sir!"

"Now mind! Now never let me hear of this night ride again from you or from anybody else, or I'll put do it! Miss Hinton what?"

"Yes, sir! I was you get off, old Kill perspicuously reiterated.

After he had left the room the jealous and enraged man waited seven hours of hell before commencing with himself as follows:

"Now mind! I call her here when she returns, or shall I wait till he comes to me myself? I will wait to-night! It shall be to-night! I will go and sit in my study and let Lucy and Miss Hinton return—in her fright, her bonnet. There I will accuse her! accusation not with trembling—and then—why then, perhaps, because I know with all her fingered coquetry, she is the vilest one coming out here nine-and I am to be the one last for by Heinrich, had as she is, I cannot, will not resign her! Yet I will! I will! I must, and if she has a heart lurking somewhere in her bosom, she must and shall find it! I must! —I will inquire her on certain conditions; namely, that she renounce me forthwith—and then—then—I will not be able to close my eyes or heart wandering, my lady, that's all!

Well at last, after many anxieties and perplexities—he was talking in one breath of forgiveness—he got a hasty summons to the drawing-room. He went down the passage and paused before Miss's bed room at the opposite extremity. He turned his back, finally, and went down stairs instead. He might have been three perhaps twenty minutes in the study before the door opened, and the weight of the passage, and landing down a rigid and determined step, and the door of the study was suddenly and a light, steadily cut step, only to be heard in the cool silence, came pacing up the passage. Then the door opened, and the squire told out his name. The light step fell instantly upon the ear, and the figure of the woman, as the door opened. A slight start, but was coming out into pure cool tone as she entered.

"Who are you, sir?" then the bell did not leave

"Dot knobbie servant. Miss Hinton, and the poor master of the house."

"Squire Darling?"

"At your commands, Miss Hinton!"

"Squire Darling?"

"Your most humble and obedient, Miss Hinton!"

"But—but—but—"

"Why you see your second poor, Miss Hinton!"

"I—I—mean, sir?"

"You! very lukewarm waking dreams."

"At my cuddled out of the door, sir, now."

"Even so, Miss Hinton, at the hour of the night, and in the face of the darkness, I regard the squire."

"Certainly, what may be your business here, may I inquire, sir?" demanded Miss, haughtily.

"To welcome Miss Hinton home with her own servant."

"What mean you, sir?"

"Why, Miss Hinton received, Miss Hinton! Come, Miss! accompany me to the carriage—I will be your escort! Miss Hinton! Miss Hinton! and drawing her arm within his own, he forcibly led her down the whole length of the passage and into the study. There he closed the door, and locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he placed the lighted candle on the mantel-piece, he seated himself in a chair. Miss Hinton, he seated herself on the sofa, and then he commenced:

"Miss Hinton, I am very sorry to have to inform you that your conduct this night has been of a most unbecoming character, and that I am compelled to take you to task for it. Miss Hinton, I am very sorry to have to inform you that your conduct this night has been of a most unbecoming character, and that I am compelled to take you to task for it."

"Sir, sir, sir!"

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

This Convention, which was held at Worcester, Mass., was numerously attended by both men and women. The Convention took very extreme ground upon the subject of human rights in general, as will be seen by the following synopsis of the resolutions:

1. That every human being, of full age (without regard to sex or color,) a resident for a proper length of time, ought to have a voice in the laws.

2. That representation ought to go with taxation to women as well as to men.

3. That women ought to have the right to hold office as well as the right of suffrage.

4. That the exclusive enjoyment of these rights by men, is a usurpation no longer to be endured.

5. That every party is bound to inscribe upon its banner, equal rights without regard to sex or color.

6. That in every State Constitution the word "male" ought to be stricken out, so as to extend all political privileges to both sexes.

During the meeting, numerous speeches were made, containing some sensible, and a good many absurd opinions and remarks. One of the speakers, Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, seemed to contemplate an armed rising of the women of the country, to assert what she called their rights. One of the speakers thought that women were superior to men in some respects, and equal in all others. But there seemed to be a general agreement in the rather contradictory opinions, that woman was, at the present time, a degraded and oppressed being—a kind of slave to man; and that, nevertheless, she was at present fully equal to him, and did her full share in moulding public opinion, which was declared to be the true governing power of the world.

Our readers know that we have never manifested a narrow or selfish disposition in relation to woman. And now, as ever, we shall not hesitate to advocate all measures which in our opinion have a tendency truly to elevate her, by working in harmony with the great natural laws of her mental and physical organization. To everything that has an effect to ennoble and dignify womanhood, to make the woman truly the companion of the man, and not his mere toy or housekeeper, we are prepared to say, God speed! But we do not believe the true dignity of womanhood can ever be attained by woman's habitually unsexing herself. Great occasions may demand great departures from the usual code of womanly propriety—all ages have understood this—but the justification and commendation of such departures, are found in the necessity of the case, which is a higher law than common usage.

"Women should be educated for wives and mothers"—this old saying remains as true as ever it was, though the education has not been generally what it should be. The superintendence of a household must ever remain to be the life-business of the great majority of women—and of course the general education of the female sex, should be regulated with due regard to this fact. As to the cases in which women are thrown upon their own resources for their daily bread, we agree that such business avocations as are most suitable—few are really suitable—should be freely thrown open to them. We say few are really suitable, because it is scarcely possible for a woman to enter into the business and professional struggles of the world, without injury to her womanhood, without making herself more or less *mannish*. The consequences of taking her own part among men, and battling for herself, being generally a hardening of her character, and a brushing off, as it were, of that finer portion of the native delicacy and refinement which peculiarly distinguish the true woman, and fits her for the responsible situation of wife and mother. We do not say that, therefore, women should not enter into business—we consider this course often the least of two evils. Better that she should lose this finer and more etherial portion of her charms, than become a burden on those upon whom she has no natural claim, or sink into the coarseness and bitterness of penury.

It may be said in reply to this—do not men also suffer from contact with the world? We grant that they do—but not so much as women, for they have been constituted with especial reference to such trials. Besides, the glory of the man is as one, and the glory of the woman as another. If the texture of a man's mind lose in delicacy and refinement, there still may remain the lofty intellect, the energetic will, the unswerving honesty which can neither be swayed by flattery nor crushed by power. But when you destroy the fine harmony, the refined delicacy, of a woman's nature, much may be left, but it is not that which the world needs, for it already possesses it in man.

Therefore, for any theory of improvement, as applied to woman, which does not begin with an acknowledgement of her peculiar nature, as distinct from that of man—which is not based upon a recognition of the great fact (which God and not man has ordained) that the glory of the one is not the glory of the other—for any such theory we have no faith. Depend upon it, friends, you cannot build an enduring edifice upon any other than the old foundations, which God has laid since the beginning of the world. Nothing has ever flourished that has been built in this world, which was not laid upon old foundations. Even Christianity itself was so built—Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil. Progress and advance are always possible—but to root up the old, and begin with new principles, not consonant with God's truth as developed in His revealed Word, and in Nature, is impossible.

That many false notions prevail among men as to what a true woman should be, is true. But even the silliest of these notions, are not radically false. They are exaggerations of a great truth, which is deeply rooted in the very nature of man. It is not an universal falsehood, that has crept by some insidious means into the heart of man, which leads him to dislike what he calls a *mannish* woman—it has its origin in what may be called an incarnated truth, a great *fact* of existence; and therefore we say it is, however ridiculous in some of its developments, primarily of God. God might have made no women and all men,—a celebrated English philosopher thought it would have been better so to do—but we argue that because He did not do it, the present way is best. And to assert that the difference is only physical, is as much as to say that there is no difference at all—not even a physical one. Because there always *is*—probably we might say, there always *must be*—a harmonious correspondence between the physical and the spiritual, as viewed in the original perfection of their creation. Matter and mind are, we grant, terribly mixed up at present, owing to the sins and mistakes of men; but if our aim is to bring human nature back to the original consistency and harmony of its creation, we must always work in accordance with the great first principles of its being.

If we had time, which we have not at present, to enter fully into this subject, we think we could prove that a great portion of what ennobles love, which gives it poetry, beauty and refinement, springs from the difference in character of the two sexes—which difference, in its turn, is strengthened by a difference of employments. We think the history of the world proves, that just in proportion as women have entered into those avocations which are generally considered appropriate to men, has the connection between the sexes become degraded and brutalized. In France, perhaps, of all civilized nations, women engage the most in the various business employments of life. The consequence is, a general want of refinement, not of manners, but of heart, on the part of the sexes towards each other. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is an old motto—for delicacy requires forms, which can only with great caution be dispensed with.

In no country in the world is there so much chivalry—not that which is false, but that which is true—felt towards women as in the United States. That this is owing, in a great degree, to the fact that our women do not work in the fields, in shops, in stores, to the extent they do in Europe, is almost self-evident. In no country are the laws as fair and just towards women—and in no country is there a more general disposition to alter any existing laws which can be shown to bear hardly upon them. That women suffer occasionally when they should not suffer, is doubtless true—but "are we on a bed of roses?"

We would therefore take the liberty of warning our female reformers, from taking steps in the wrong direction. They may think the right to vote, the right of being elected to office, and of sitting as judges and jurors, very valuable—although a great many men will not agree with them—but yet they might buy these at too great a cost. If they are to be purchased at the expense of all that now makes the intercourse of the sexes beautiful and delightful—if the poetry of domestic life is to be turned into the flattest and stalest prose, in order that woman may be able to argue like man about politics and trade, and make money for herself,—if in her acquisition of political and pecuniary rights, she loses the finer portion of her own nature, and with it the reverence and love of man,—she may find, when too late, that she has sacrificed the greater for the less, the spiritual and heavenly for the earthly.

But we have no fears of such a result. What is true and good in the proceedings of these reformatory conventions, will have, as it should, its due influence; while all that is false, being based upon a radical misunderstanding of what the true beauty and dignity of womanhood consist in, will be passed by with a smile by ninety-nine in the hundred of American women.

ENGLISH TAXATION.

From a recent article in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," we are surprised to find that the weight of taxation in Great Britain, upon the poorer classes, is not necessarily so great as we had supposed.

We say *necessarily*—for the taxation being to a great degree indirect, it depends upon what articles are consumed, how great an amount of taxation is paid. The "Journal" takes the case of a Scottish rural laborer—and says:

His house, which has at most three or four windows, is subject to no tax: his small garden patch of ground is equally exempt: the clothes of himself and family, made from native wool, and from cotton or flax, are also untaxed: the family food, consisting of oatmeal porridge, milk, eggs, bread, cheese, potatoes, with usually a little ham and butcher meat, is likewise untaxed: his Bible is printed on untaxed paper, and bound with untaxed leather: the furniture of his cottage, made from plain materials, is liable to no fiscal exaction: he pays not a farthing for his seat in the parish church: for his baptism, marriage, and funeral, no fee is sought or taken by the parish minister; in short, all the ordinances of religion are to him free: the pressure of poor-rates, road-rates, and county-rates, he never feels, for the rate collector never enters his door any more than the tax collector. From his cradle to his grave, the manual laborer is not called on to contribute a single hour to public business. Tradesmen, farmers, and other members of the middle-class, are ordinarily called on to serve from two to three whole days—sometimes six days—per annum, as jurors.—From this odious and costly sacrifice of time to public duty, the manual laboring class is altogether exempt. We are glad to add that now, at least, no man, whether high or low, is exposed to the risk of being balloted for the militia. With his earnings his own, his time his own, his conscience his own, and without the slightest obstruction to his freedom in moving from place to place, the manual laborer, so far as will is concerned, may be said to be altogether untaxed; and yet while contributing neither money nor time to the state, he unquestionably can invoke the whole powers of our social organization in maintaining his rights. If he can show that he is oppressed, he will get law for nothing—his life and property are guarded by police of whose support he is unconscious. Dwelling in his obscure cottage, remote from cities, he and the least among his family are as much objects of regard to the greatest of our judges as are the mightiest in the land; and were he a wandering beggar, the degree of protection accorded to him would be the same.

In what respect, then, is the laboring-man taxed? Exempted from all sorts of direct taxes and rates, he is taxed in an indirect and unseen manner, yet only in relation to one absolute necessary of existence is this taxation involuntary. We allude to the article soap, which to the discredit of the nation, is still the subject of an Excise duty; and therefore, as no family, with any regard to cleanliness and health, can avoid the use of this article, the laboring-man in Great Britain is not quite untaxed against his will.—Supposing that the consumption of soap by the family of a man in this class is half a pound a week, the tax paid by him on this account, at the rate of three-halfpence per pound, will amount to 3s. 3d. in the course of a year—a very small sum, it will be allowed, to represent the social advantages to which we have called attention. Supposing, however, that the laboring-man indulges in literary productions, he comes in for an additional exaction; because even the cheapest books and periodicals—the works specially prepared for his intellectual and moral improvement—are subject to an Excise duty also of three-halfpence per pound. Making a reasonable allowance on this score, we may arrive at the conclusion that the working-man cannot possibly escape without contributing somewhere about four shillings a year for the public good. In this estimate, no account is taken of the enhancement in value of every manufactured article which is consumed, in consequence of the heavy taxes to which the higher class of producers are exposed; the very gown that the artisan buys for his wife being possibly a shade higher in price than it would be under a lighter pressure of fiscal burthens. It would, however, baffle the ablest computator to say how much or how little the laboring classes suffer in this oblique manner. Generally speaking, the increase of price must be trifling.

It will be seen from the above, that the amount of taxes a laboring man *must* pay in Great Britain is very small. But, nevertheless, he does pay a very large proportion of the revenue. He pays it in the use of articles not absolutely necessary to his comfort—a majority of which, in fact, are altogether opposed to his true enjoyment. The use of tea and coffee by the poor, may not only be excused but commended as an indication of some refinement of taste. Allowing that the family of a working man consumes eight pounds of tea in the course of a year, he will add to his unavoidable taxation of *four* shillings, as specified above, some *sixteen* shillings—if coffee be used, the contribution to the state will be much less. But it is not the use of tea and coffee which increases so frightfully the burden of the English laborer. It is in the consumption of spirits, ale, porter and beer, tobacco and snuff, that he wastes his hard earnings, and pays a heavy amount of indirect taxation. By accurate statistics, it has been ascertained that an amount of *taxation* is paid by the people of Great Britain and Ireland on the above articles equal to $275,000,000. Of course a large proportion of this immense amount is paid by the laboring classes.

It has been computed that among those laborers whose earnings are from 10s. to 15s. a week, at least one-half is spent by the man upon objects of which his wife and children have no share. Among artisans earning from 20s. to 30s., it is said that at least one third is generally devoted by the husband and father to his own personal and sensual gratifications.

It will be seen from the above, that the government of England is not so regardless of the interests of its poorer classes, in the matter of taxation, as Americans generally suppose. Still the condition of the lower strata of society in Great Britain, is by no means to be envied—we know from various sources, that it must be hard enough. And yet, if these lower classes could be educated, not only intellectually but morally, and taught the virtues of thrift and economy, we have little doubt but that they would materially improve their condition in the course of a few years. Many is the poor shopkeeper who earns no more than the generality of laborers,—who yet, by the strictest economy and self-denial, accumulates little by little, and finally establishes his prosperity on as sure foundations as this fluctuating and uncertain world will allow.

KOSSUTH.

A wealthy citizen of New York has tendered one hundred acres of the best land in the vicinity of that city, to Kossuth, if he will make the United States his permanent home.

We hope, if the offer is accepted, that a sufficient amount of money will be raised by individual subscription, to build a handsome dwelling for the hero, and make him independent for life. New York and Philadelphia, which have lavished so much on Jenny Lind, would surely raise as much for one who is to her, as the sun of mid-day is to the evening star.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—A gentleman residing at Apalachicola, named Gorrie, is said to have discovered a cheap and expeditious method of making ice. It is done by a machine consisting of two force pumps. A Southern paper says that "it has been ascertained that pumps of a cubic foot capacity worked at a temperature of 10 deg. F., and fifteen revolutions a minute, are adequate to make a ton of ice per day"—which those may credit who have faith. For our part, we believe it will turn out to be a *pane*-full delusion.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1846.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER PRESS AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 98 Seventh Street, Below Chestnut.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

ANECDOTE.

In the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, there is article upon "American Society," evidently written by an American—probably N. P. Willis—in which we are indebted for the following anecdote, which, is susceptible of a general application:

The Fashionable hotel, grand in its groceries, outlines, but overlooked the fitting details of wants—knife and chamber candlestick. Both of these articles as *ci dat* possess, were very prominent desiderata in the use of the visitors of the recently Amberwise and Sowens, and forty dollars, protected their absence. Each guest found it a tax beaux in the bar-room, where Harry Austin—called the waiters by the proprietor of the house—particular bowed and prodigal. The weather, the concert last night, the ball to be given, and the train ready to start as soon as breakfast was over, were the topics of conversation. Shakspeare remarked that the greatest wisdom was folly and consequential, asked several questions of more natural remarks in a book than any Allegheny seemed desirous of attracting attention. We were the same in the bar-room, and without the natural, but in the ordinary daily business, but in each, Harry Austin was the life and effect of drawing still further notice upon himself. "Five thousand and a quarter, sir!" "Ah! a measured and sublime tone; "and, landlord, here's a quarter more."

The landlord leaped up in surprise; as did the two or three standing around Harry.

"It's to buy beef with, to feed 'em. Feed 'em well with beef, landlord."

"Feed who with beef?" and the host looked as if he thought his customer crazy.

"Feed and fatten. Why, look here," and he went the counter, Harry stirred a portentous mass of sugar, in a pretty tumbler, and, as sudden in the dynamics as a stage 'knife,' threw on top of those current coins.

"Yes, feed 'em well before you put knife into your landlord, or you'll have a bad bargain for the death of a fellow-Christian some one's evil. Good morning! Thank you, sir," with under his arm, forsook stalked off to the race with a gentleman's carriage, leaving the host immediately behind him, a creature after him, or to on the general laugh.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

An English tourist, who investigated the Mammoth Cave with the line and compass, asserts that the distances from place to place, as given by the guides, are greatly exaggerated. Not nearly the actual distance is more than one-fifth of the real distance. As to every person, who have made their troublesome way to the darkness of the cave for one mile, are quite ready to believe any gross story or fiction. He also makes a statement in regard to the relative importance of various portions of the cave, which we do not remember to have seen. He says:

To this naïve remark the Mammoth House replied, somewhat curtly, that the cave was not to be judged interesting from the striking manner in which it commenced, but from the many wonders which the journey led to. Nor was the result of the cave, at the end of the first mile, as it is known in the bar-room, where Harry Austin—called the waiters by the proprietor of the house—particular bowed and prodigal. The weather, the concert last night, the ball to be given, and the train ready to start as soon as breakfast was over, were the topics of conversation. Shakspeare remarked that the greatest wisdom was folly and consequential, asked several questions of more natural remarks in a book than any Allegheny seemed desirous of attracting attention. We were the same in the bar-room, and without the natural, but in the ordinary daily business, but in each, Harry Austin was the life and effect of drawing still further notice upon himself. "Five thousand and a quarter, sir!" "Ah! a measured and sublime tone; "and, landlord, here's a quarter more."

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Miscellaneous.

MADAME CATALANI.

The following account of this distinguished singer will be read with interest by the public:

Madame Catalani, the most splendid vocalist of the age, and the best appointed one in the world the year 1805, and such was our extraordinary power of voice, that it was said, "Place her a ton by of Paris, and she will be heard over all the opera house." An example of extended fame! A in the House of Lords, in the year 1814, which was farm as the tone of a trumpet. Her voice, when subdued, possessed a sweetness of tone that was delightful; the notes of A and B, being produced in a way similar to the tone we make in humming. The last occasion that I was entertained by her united upon them, was at the Wansborough Assembly Rooms, after paying to be time.

Pleasanton.—Among the names of Athens already in not a prospect gift, although where will be honesty of the highest and most intelligent, to all and to all. Among the many fascinations and sensibility that so very charming. On you like Madame — as a mother and the world would be a blank. Of all of these, at a large party, "I feel her her voice, and the tone of her music. Many times, therefore, at least among us, would be quite content if people spoke as frankly.

Prince's Latest News about Americans.—Count Lind does not seem to delight in the conclusions of her engagement (which will be completed in Boston) with Barnum, Jenny will be crossed Queen of the United States, for what President positively refusing. Jenny accordingly will be obliged to return to Europe, and will be in time for the season of Covent Garden. Jenny will be crossed Queen of the United States, for what President positively refusing. Jenny accordingly will be obliged to return to Europe, and will be in time for the season of Covent Garden.

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Jenny Lind.—The New York Home Journal states a report which is worthy to be recorded in Jenny Lind.

It is stated that during her first visit to New York, a female called, and said to her in the native language, requesting her to sing. She declined on account of the hour, as the time of, but when the young man came in, she at once remembered the voice, and sang to her. She had not heard it for a long time since her poor father was alive. The gaze to the wife, a note to her husband to see her immediately, and a sweetly worded request that he would allow her to give to his children a memento of their interview. Without a word, Mr. Sunday gave the "memento" was a check for ten thousand dollars.

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POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.

History tells us that the most important business of the Greek Government and the people of Constantinople, for many years before the final extinction of the Greek Empire by the Turks, was *horse-racing*. In reading these accounts, we wonder at such absurd inattention, and cannot imagine how a people professing to be eminently intelligent, as the Greeks at those ages were, could expend so much time, talent and energy on interests or occupations so frivolous. At a much later period, little more than a century ago, the Dutch, the sober, self-possessed and phlegmatic Dutch, became crazy about the cultivation of tulipes and not only did the business and gentlemen of the several Provinces, but the Professors of Leyden and Haarlem, and the merchants and bankers of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, abandon every other thought as that of producing a tulip of brighter or more variegated colors than any tulip previously seen. Some millionaires embarked and lost their whole fortunes in a few garden lots, or a few scores of flower-pots. And we at this enlightened period, when all the world wonder how any people, any community, can become so absurdly excited about follies.

Let us seriously ask ourselves if we do not equal any people, at any age, in ridiculous excitements? Do we not, under any pretext, take longer steps in extravagances and absurdities, than the frivolous Greeks of the noble ages, or the more sober Dutch of their day? Let every person reflect. We, the sober Quakers, not many years ago, became mad about mulberry trees, and cultivated them as if small districts of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, would not produce silk enough for all mankind, and were the only parts of the globe that could produce it. After the excitement had passed, all laughed except those who were ruined, at an idea which never had the slightest foundation beyond gambling and credulity. And within a few days, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and the whole commercial world, have been absurdly insane about a woman's singing. Still as at the United States, and the last occasion, the enlightened people of the world, as we call ourselves, and we at Philadelphia, the most intelligent and moral people of the nation, the most intelligent of all other people, have been absurd, as people have become absurd, as people can become, so with more intensity than ourselves. Let us be laugh at every people—at ourselves—but play the fool still more fervently at the next no-

Nothing, we do not regard these extravagances with much concern. They indicate a high degree of excitability, a want of self-command, a necessity of reason to wield impulse, which seems to be the characteristic of the age. And this mental plunge as into all the minutiæ of the old world, and the consequent excitement, are the result of increase in the increase of taste and appreciation of music, and not other fine arts; for the influence of all the fine arts is salutary. But do these self-excitements about a single exhibition in the fine arts, ever produce any benefit to the exciting cause? Two or three thousand have lately been paid to hear a single individual sing. Is there a lover of good music, or by curiosity, stimulated to the various public concertizings? Are all the people here become enlightened, instructed, softened, refined, and then prepared for improvement in music? Not one. Has Herman Carnpace's or Castle Garden in New York or worse, at 50 cents per ticket, and the Concert Hall, Chestnut street, in this city, at one dollar. They regret a good deal of money, and have heard a treat, but they heard them a very ordinary change. Thousands and tens of thousands can now appreciate music better than they could before, and are much better off in everything else. Would this fine natural gift be more or less valuable if it were a little more diffused? Would it be more valuable if it were either part of the world? And they then attracted there, quiet crowds of nights successively, and hence a great effort to raise the price of admission. And because nobody was crazed, they had a single opportunity to enjoy their delicious music, and to communicate that the American people have good taste, and all that is accomplished pleasure, relying upon their own merits, need no aid from the arrangements of cliques or the interference of managers. Would that be an impossible occurrence, people may feel rational in expressing their joy. Without it, they may exhaust mental health in a single excess. In Italy, every night has a concert, filled every night. In England, the same—and so on either side of the water, where music is known as a delightful and not a fatiguing exercise. Philadelphia, Boston and New York are now a decided step short of this rational enjoyment. Let them not be content with one or two months' excitement, but have a steady course of rational enjoyment.

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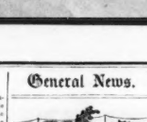
General News.



POLITICAL.

Reasons to Clay.—A barbecue has been given in Mr. Clay at Lexington. Among the many toasts drunk on the occasion, was the following, to which Mr. Clay responded in a speech of an hour:

"Henry Clay.—Kentucky, with one heart and one voice places Henry Clay where, during the late session of Congress, he placed himself—high above the platform of party, and on that lofty eminence she proudly presents him to the admiration of the civilized and coming ages. If this proposition meets a flat gift not of party, but of this country—to the wisdom, the patriotism, the eloquence and courage in the defence of our National rights—that the last hope of the freedom of mankind—safety has he won the honor. Long may he wear it."

Letters from Messrs. Cass, Foote, Underwood Lyon, Hall, and others, were received, absolving in expressions of honor to Mr. Clay.

Pleasanton.—The official returns give the Democratic majority in the Canal Commissioner a majority of 12,347. The majority for the Assembly, is by 2,500—or more than two to one. The Whigs have a majority of one in the Senate, and a majority on joint ballot of 1.

Pleasanton.—Mr. Calhoun is re-elected by an increased majority. The Whigs have elected Mr. Magruder Telegraph last fall.

Pleasanton.—The Whigs of Ohio have just elected a member of Assembly by one vote; and the last election, by a majority of two, the vote for United States Senator.

Thanksgiving.—Governor Bell has issued a proclamation, appointing a vote of the people of Texas to be taken to ascertain whether they will accept or reject the proposition made by the general government. The ballots are to be taken on the 1st day of December, and prepare to obey the first still more fervently at the next no-

Ohio Election.—Official returns from every county in Ohio save two, Auglaize and Noble, which will about balance each other, give a total majority of four 19,000 for Wood, Democrat, for Governor, over Corwin, the Whig and Native candidate, has 19,038 votes in these counties.

Pleasanton.—The Hartford Courant publishes a table showing the result of the late election in Connecticut. It is somewhat curious that, forty-two have chosen Whig officers, twenty-eight Democrats, and in six the offices are divided. Two, we suppose, elected with the last year, eleven Whig gain of seven and a half, and eleven—and Whig gain—nine.

Anti-Slavery.—Washington Hunt, the Whig candidate for Governor in New York, ran ahead of his native ticket in Rochester. And Seward

Selected Poetry.

LIFE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

*"Parted through suffering."—*PAUL.

Must I suffer ere my spirit
Shall attain its highest good?
Oppose there no mountain barrier
To the upward struggling soul?
Not—like seed that through their darkness
Groups in way above the sod,
So the seed of mortal nature
Struggle through the dark to God!

Light unimagined pales the Heaven,
Tones unheeded linger in the ear,
So the Love that's wrapped with Wisdom
Calls the clouds and storms to clear.
I, a Pirate in God's great Garden,
Once within His paradise had fled,
Need I not, as well as Banishm,
Pain to make me thrive and feed?

In the Day the great Earth weareth,
Sickness 'neath the burning fire;
In the Night she rallies softly
Till her strength is all re-won.
Dews must drop from Nature's chalice,
Cool and quicken all her powers,
Fit her for another season of
Struggle through the sultry hours.

In the Light we see through symbol,
Struggle, faint—until, at length,
In the Dark how strong! strength
Hard to be harvested enough!
Tears, like dews, refresh and nurture
All in a sweep of stone and soil
Yet and serve it for another
Upward effort like Life.

Life is Toil—He lives, He only,
Who, amid the daily conflict,
Sees a mighty End upspringing,
Like choice Wheat among the Tares.
He who Previous grasps from Time,
Hath in Time the Prize Immortal.
He who lives once, lives again.
National Era.

Choice Selections.

THREE SPECIMENS OF COUNTRY GIRLS.

William Merritt, in his "Year Book of the Country," gives the following three specimens of English Country Girls. As the three kinds alluded to are not peculiar to England—but are also found in America—we have thought Mr. Merritt's description of them, might prove interesting to our readers:

COUNTRY GIRL NUMBER ONE.

Those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a portion, and a fair character, enter another name for a very tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country—with the serene bliss of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the passive pleasures of a pipe and bowl—or of listening to the sweet tones of the comfortable farmer's wife, of his parson and his family, of his sermons and his lunch pig, over a fragrant cup of young bohea, or lapped in the delicious luxuries of cream, and weight-cream—unless a fairy raises a wondrous witchery, and with a century and a smile, of most wonderful and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite.

It is the Farmer's daughter! A lovely creature of eighteen. Fair be her lily—fresh as Sunday—rosy as the rose itself—graceful as the peacock perched on the palings there—by the way down—sweet as a posy of violets and clove-gillyflowers—modest as early morning, and natural as your own idea of freedoms or fortitude of Wyoming.

Yes her neat! It's all over with you. I would suppose an empty fibbet or a fog bitter straw-berry for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that course of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and marrying farm-houses only sets old-fashioned places of old-fashioned embellishment.

Ay, many a one has found to his sorrow what trotting himself down handsome and rural neck-lane has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor carelessness have been whirled round and round, and received themselves into melting banter; his canes improved by the cross-bow to neck-lane has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor carelessness have been whirled round and round, and received themselves into melting banter; his canes improved by the cross-bow to the pocket; and his feet all over gaugh and twinges as if the whole swarm had got into his boots! Then has come a desperate liking to that pair in the country; and taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honeysuckle porch and willow school by the brook; the mantering down the footpath that leads past the farm at summer's-eve evening, with a book of poetry in the hand—the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood—the fondness looking up. How sweet that farm-house does look! What fine old trees there are about it! And how neat does the window of the old gable, with its open casement and the casement peeps. And all nicely!—yes—that is Anne herself, and I think she is desiring that way!

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill—the sweetest moonlight leaps over the meadow-hedge at the footbridge—the glow-worm most leisurely wanderings along that old quaint walk. Such views—such poetry of potency! such hopes and promises of felicity—and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, Who's there?

There! This is a pretty go! Of goes Anne like the world of a young lamplighter up by the ears, through the house, up the stairs at three bounds, and there she is, ensconced behind in that neat little chamber, with the little diamond-window, in the old gable. Not her mask sits a-chat—it is very well out, customers consider—but all round, neat, tasty, and elsewhere—and very wet is that wicked mischievous lighter-wood wise she holds to her eyes.

But where's Jemmy Jenkinson?—Oh! He's there! He's too bold and too true a lover to mask or fly. There they stand, face to face, in the room—lighted by the full, chaste Avonmore and the tall stout Farmer Field, with his large striped waistcoat ready to burst with anger and indignation, and his great stock in his hand.

"What! is that you, Captain? My eye! What! was that you a-talking to our Anne?"

"Yes, friend Field, it is I—it is the Captain that was talking to your sidewalk Anne; and here I am ready to marry her with your consent; for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

Now then the simplest of a farmer stands lifting up his hat, and laughing in the moonlight! How these Saxonians loathe to shake with laughter! But now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says—"Why should have thought it, Captain, eh? Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives; but come! no more on't—we won't do, Captain, eh? won't we?"

"I won't do! won't do! Why shouldn't it do, Farmer; why shouldn't it do?"

"Why, hoax it won't, and that's why. A captain and Old Farmer Field's son-in-law. Ah! Ah! What will Lady Jenkinson say, eh? The Honourable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What'd they say, eh? But I'm a-running old tongue: say I've trapped you, Jemmy. No,—they shan't say so, not a mark of on: not one of the breed, seed, and generation of me shall say old Farmer Field got his daughter off on a gentleman for his house and lands. Anne's a tight lass, and Lady Wright will come at the right time: and when you are married to my Lady Fitzsomebody, and Anne's got the right name come down, Captain, and bill be a pleasant, and set up your horses and your dogs there, and we'll have a right merry do, and another good laugh at your youthful follies!"

But all won't do! The Captain vows he'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother she may shoot him, if they make any opposition: and the very same night he stoke a note on the door of his delightful, and then goes at it at Anne's little window with the diamond-pane, in the old gable: and Anne, popping from the very chair, looks out, enters the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsistent look, and then—and there—they all stand fighting to read the note—hide the Captain vowing that Anne "must have it, by all that's right, or that he will mentally crown himself in the mid-dam."

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs: and all through incautiously wandering into the country of a romance's evening, and getting out of those old-fashioned farm-houses. It would never them all right to come down on their knees. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the road in their proper light. But as the Captain would have it, there's no time to throw himself in the mid-dam, he is so desperate, and that there must be a runaway engaged, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it, we will let him once let things pass—all shall be right. The gentleman raises because they cannot help themselves! Lady Jenkinson becomes a good friend, but, like all bodies of a certain dignity, she comes down very slowly. The adorable Anne is set, and what! it be very perfect hand. Arrested, though she has been very near it! and *The Times* announces that the Honorable Caroline Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th last. to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Barley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Selop.

COUNTRY GIRL NUMBER TWO.

There are some specimens of human nature that set all the fashions or follies of any age on either or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dully Cowabbage, now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and sells half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her; and he has saved a pretty lot of money. Dully knows it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen; and Dully, from that day, began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green and village play-mates, and began to look full of care. She began to reap and work, and cook, and milk and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all these things entirely for the house. Those who know her say she "has not thrown an inch in height" since that day, but she has grown in bulk; she is like a young oak that got a stunt from a thunderbolt in its youth, and in the leading branch killed off by some Jerry Blunderer or other, as he went past in plough, and has ever since been stunted, and seems as if it would rise in a "little running thing," the farmers say; a little stout-built, high-coloured woman, with a small, round, rosy face. She is generally to be seen with a heavy market-basket on her arm, striped bed-gown at work, and a greenish brown parchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is seeming pale with a mop of straw and wool-card, and rearing them on a stone bench to dry and ventilate; or she is calling her cows up by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, or at the fireside knitting, or bowing with a pebble on a pail-bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with a pail-pail on her head, or she is seated with the clean beetle, busy with her needle, making a pinafore to hold the feathers she has saved.

Such is Dully Cowabbage. She has had offers; men know what's what, though it be in a country place; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says—"No! I shall never marry while father lives." Some who don't like her guess begin now to say—"Marry! No. Dully will never marry. There always was an old soul about her; there's the old maid written all over her face and head, and in the clothes! and so why, and she's thirty now, at least."

Rollyboy knows what she knows. There is a young fellow, a farmer's son, who has lived on far off.—Tim Whittaker. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has a nice little house with him but an old woman his housekeeper, who is deaf and a-bed, and has a hard, cold and thrifty guesses of it. He is well respected as an old stacking, and put into a footy bowling club last summer, and is a very decent man. Rollyboy knows that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She and another kith and kin, when the bandage twinges her, as they sit by the fire, she often says—"Tim, lad, I shall not be here many years longer, and then the old crops I have will be thine."

Tim is rather lonely long, to find lonely in the old house; and he has been seen, sly-as-he, more than once, coming over the fields, in the direction of Dully's, on a very decent day, towards old Farmer Cowabbage's house. Rollyboy knows that, too, and